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poses—in a dozen or so cleaned-out coco-nut shells. The men come in from the reef, dangling strings of fish, if they have been lucky, or from the bush with a 'possum or two on a pole over their shoulders. Smoke begins to rise from every hut, in preparation for the main meal of the day. This consists for the most part of taro, but it is essential to have a 'relish' of fish, shell-fish, or 'possum, or, in the rare event of a hunter having been successful, a piece of wild pig, if the animal is not required to be kept alive for a forthcoming feast. But either the pigs are very wary, or, which is more likely, the hunter has given less attention to his quarry than to his assignation, for it is not often that he brings home any spoil.

The meal disposed of, the sound of the conch-shell calls the village to evening service. By the time it is over, the sun will have set. There is no twilight in these latitudes, darkness falling a very short time after the sun has disappeared. Fires provide the only illumination, and soon appear dotted about the village, with groups sitting round them chatting and playing with the children. In spite of what may have seemed an uneventful day, they always have plenty to talk about, and they sometimes tease one another unmercifully. If a dance is going on, any one who wishes joins in, and, if the occasion is a ceremonial one, and is sufficiently important, every one, children as well as adults, stays up all night, some always keeping the dance going while others stop to rest, to eat, or to make love, returning to the ranks of the dancers as and when they feel inclined.

If nothing is toward, the village settles down for the night very early, unless there is a moon, when it will resound with gossip and laughter for a long time. It is considered silly to go to bed while the moon shines. Once when I excused myself for leaving the assembled company on the ground that I was sleepy, they laughed, and said: 'This is not the time to go to bed. By and by, when the moon is gone, then you can sleep.'

Thus runs the course of an ordinary day in the life of a Bougainville village. In order to ascertain how the natives spent their time, individually, I kept for a while a daily record of certain of those who lived nearest to me, not, of course, in great detail, but noting what they were doing for the major part of each day. The records vary, naturally, with the character of the individual. Some are much more public-spirited than others, and take a prominent part in most village activities, other arrange their days to suit their own

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a cane. He and two others came to the end of the landing-stage with slow formal steps, then stopped to take the salute, then he went round saying a few words to one or other of the children in the line, and finally threw among them bits of stick and pigs' teeth for which they scrambled, it being the custom of the Governor to provide tobacco and sweets to be scrambled for at the conclusion of his visit. It was all done very solemnly, till the final scramble, which ended in shrieks of laughter. After that there were races, in the fashion taught them by the Mission.

At Kurtatchi the children used to play a game in which one of their number imitated the actions of a person who is *iburar* (made mad by the spirits, as described on pp. 516–21) and the others pretended to be frightened and ran away from him, till some of them seized him and held him down.

One night two Petats children gave a dancing display, with a circle of admiring adults round them. They did a number of steps which do not occur in the very stereotyped ceremonial dances which are the only ones practised in this area, and seemed to be inventing their movements, which caused much amusement and approbation. But I think this was exceptional, and as a rule, the children were content to show off to one another, or to me. One little girl would go through a series of acrobatic feats, twisting herself about, or lifting another child and holding her horizontally, looking all the while to see whether I was watching. Other children will act for their own amusement, when alone. A little boy who lived near me at Petats used to carry on conversations with himself, in two voices, so different that I frequently looked over to see whether another child had come up. He did not know that I was observing him.

Toys.

Such toys as these children have are made, usually at the time when they are wanted, of the products of the bush. They are few in number, and very crude in construction, but they serve their turn.

Babies have rattles made of shells, with the tongue either of a smaller shell or of a dog's tooth. They may consist of a single shell on the end of a short string of shell-disks, or of several such strings tied together (Pl. 16). They are used also by adults at dances and other ceremonial occasions. I have sometimes seen women string

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remained till after the evening meal, then they were taken down and thrown away.

7. *For sitting on his mother's pack.*

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Commoner children are put, while still fairly small, to ride on the top of their mother's pack—the burden of taro or firewood which is always carried rucksack fashion, by means of straps round the shoulders—without any introductory ritual. But before a child of rank can do this a special ceremony must be held. I saw it done at Kurtatchi, for Wanias, son of Pinari's sister's daughter, *tsunaun* in the direct line of succession. He was then somewhere about four years old.

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The proceedings started at sundown, by a number of women walking round in a wheel-like formation, the role usually played by men in an ordinary *kōma*, giving the while the monotonous four notes which always accompanies their dance (Pl. 17). Pesē, who stands to Wanias in the relationship of *watʃitʃio*, carried a new pack, consisting of a new sling of banana palm fibre, smeared with red paint, and ornamented with shell rattles and pearl buttons obtained from a store, tied round a large new *kōbū*, rolled up empty. The pack thus prepared is called *tin*, and is like that usually carried to the taro gardens to bring back the load. Pesē walked in the centre of the group. Presently a little girl (a commoner a little older than Wanias, not related to him) was placed on the top of the pack, sitting just as Wanias will sit in future. The women continued to parade round and round. One woman carried a bow and arrows, another an axe, another a canoe paddle. They might also have had a fishing-net. These are all objects symbolic of a man's activities. If the ceremony had been for a girl they would have had packs instead of the bow and arrows and the axe, but the canoe paddle would have figured just the same, as women are also expert paddlers. They walked round going through the motions of using these things. Other women jumped about, gesticulating wildly. I was told that the two women who knew this dance the best were both ill, so it was not being done as well as it might have been. Presently Takok, who is not related to Wanias, took the pack and carried Pesē on it for some time. Pesē is a big woman, so it must have been quite a task for Takok, who is by no means young.

This continued for a couple of hours or so, with the slit-gong beating at short intervals, the signal for renewed efforts both of

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voice and leg, whenever it sounded. Wanias was not present, it would have been considered very unlucky if he had accidentally put in an appearance. Apparently this performance is somewhat in the nature of a rehearsal.

All the next day the whole of the male population of the village was employed in making ceremonial pudding (see Pl. 33). Some of the men varied their labours by making Pan-pipes, and the women were making baskets of plaited coco-nut palm leaves to hold the pudding. These they made smaller than usual, because they were for a child. When the pudding-making was finished the slit-gong was sounded.

Just before sundown two specially large taro tubers, with leaves and stalk still attached, were laid on the front verandah (*tagoan*) of Wanias's maternal grandmother's hut, where he and his mother live (his father is dead). On these was laid a very elaborately worked woman's hood, covered with an embroidered pattern made of strips of fibre and dried leaves, dyed red and brown, the kind of hood women wear on special occasions. On top of this was placed a sucking pig, held down by one of the older men of the village. Pinari, Wanias's mother's mother's brother, whom he calls *tsubunē* (my grandfather), took some lengths of shell currency (*beroan*) and rubbed the pig's sides with it, beginning at the tail. Then he took a large pinna shell full of red paint (*oin*) mixed with coco-nut oil, and rubbed the pig in the same way with that, then with the specially prepared pack, and then with a red loin-cloth. When all these things, which were to come in contact with Wanias in the course of the ceremony, had been passed from head to tail of the pig, it was allowed to run away. Then a number of the women, of both clans, came up in turn, and each sat on the hood for a minute. Two of the women who were *watʃitʃio* to Wanias came first, but others followed who bore no relationship to him. A little girl, younger than Wanias, not related, but of the same clan, was held down on the hood while her hair was carefully trimmed by Koawu, one of the older men (it does not seem to matter who undertakes this duty). He trimmed it all round, particularly just over the temples and behind the ears, making a clean line. The way having been thus prepared, Rus, Wanias's mother, brought the little boy out of the hut and sat down on the hood with him on her lap. Koawu began to trim his hair in the same way. He was not at all pleased with the process, and wriggled so much that it

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became impossible to continue cutting. He was taken off the hood round to the women's side of the hut, and the hair-dressing operations were finished by two young men, to the accompaniment of his screams. The cutting was done with a razor, of which there are a few in the village. In the olden days they would have used a black-lip oyster shell. When the trimming had been completed to the barbers' satisfaction, Rus took Wanias back to the front verandah and sat down again on the hood, while she covered his head with red paint, except for two dabs of black one on each side just above his ears, he very restless the while. A dab of brighter red was put on his ears, and a streak from the external angle of his eyes sloping down towards the ears.

All this time there were great hair-dressing operations going on all over the village. All the young children, of both sexes, and some of the older girls had their hair trimmed and covered with red paint mixed with coco-nut oil. (The older boys, who wore the *upi*, had no share in this part of the proceedings.) A number of women from neighbouring villages arrived, and were also painted.

Then there was an interval, during which some taro was eaten. Then the women began to congregate in the open space in the centre of the village. Counting visitors, there were perhaps some fifty or more women present. All wore their hoods, except the smallest of the girls, and one or two women who had renounced the custom and did not possess hoods—these wore white loin-cloths over their heads. They started marching round in wheel formation as they had done the previous evening, one carrying the new pack, others bows and arrows, axes, and paddles, as before. After some time there was another interval, at the end of which all the men and boys came up and took over the wheel formation, blowing their Pan-pipes and playing *mabu*, of which there were two. The women returned to their usual role of dancing outside the circle in twos and threes, up to the men and away again, singing and making a hissing noise. They all wore aromatic plants tucked into their loin-cloths and into their hair. They gave me some to put in my belt, and begged me to join in the dancing, which I did, following the example of the other women. Some of the men were springing about in imitation of the movements made by a band of armed warriors attacking a village by stealth. This was apparently symbolical, as it is not a regular feature of their dances. They did not go on very late on this occasion.

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WOMEN'S DANCE FOR WANIAS

[facing p. 192]

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The women cook a quantity of taro, which must be roasted in the embers, not boiled in a pot. The novices and their *amro* go into the bush and catch a number of opossums and small non-poisonous snakes. These they must bring in alive. They are placed carefully in baskets made of coco-nut palm leaves. Areca-nut and betel-pepper is put in with them. The *amro* take the baskets to the village. Here they form a line. All the women who have sons among the novices form a line opposite to them, carrying baskets full of taro. They sing a special tune and do a dance-step called *dāni*. They weep all the time they are dancing, and every one who hears the singing feels sad and weeps also. It is forbidden to perform this dance except under these circumstances, so I was not able to see it or to hear the tune. Everybody agreed that it was specially fine. The *amro* then pretend to throw the contents of their baskets at the women, who pretend to catch in their own baskets. Then both lines advance towards each other, but do not quite meet, because a low palisade of boughs put up for the purpose in the centre of the village square remains between them. Through gaps in it the *amro* exchange baskets with the women. This exchange of baskets is called *wasi'emor*. Each woman exchanges with the man who is acting as *amro* to her son. As the exchange is made, the *amro* say: 'You take these baskets of betel-pepper which belong to us.' The women take the baskets and run away quickly to their own huts, they are supposed to be afraid of the *amro*. The next stage was thus described: 'The women go to their huts, they think they would like to eat some betel-pepper. One woman opens her basket. The opossum inside is very lively. It bites her hand. She cries out: 'Woo-o-o-o-o-o, here is a 'possum; I thought it was betel-pepper when I took it.' Another woman wants to eat betel-pepper, she opens her basket, a snake runs after her. 'Woo-o-o-o-o-o, here is a snake; I thought it was betel-pepper.'

After the exchange of baskets the *amro* go back to the novices in the bush. The *kwigis* also assemble at the *nōnō*, and the *kwigis* of highest standing in each clan gives the boys of his clan their new names. He climbs a tree (any tree suitably situated can be used for this purpose), and the boys of his clan group themselves at its foot. The *kwigis* then calls out the new name of each. This name he is supposed to receive from the *war*. It must be the name of some one who has belonged to the group and has died, and thus become an *war*. Stress was laid by my informants on the fact that the

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pigments. The *amro* of the *wagi'upi* (i.e. those of the novices who are *tsunaun* and therefore leaders of the group) take up their charges on their shoulders, the others walk. They return to the village, where everybody gathers to receive them. As they come up, all the people dance, the men doing the ordinary *kōma* and blowing the Pan-pipes, while the women, decorated with girdles of aromatic plants, form a line, and as the boys come towards them, do the special form of song and dance called *dāni*. Arrived at the centre of the village, the *wagi'upi* get down from the shoulders of their *amro*, and all the novices partake of taro and water, given to them by their *amro*. The women are not allowed to give them food as yet. This ceremonial return of the novices is called *wawats'upi*.

The novices then go down to the shore, if it is a coast village, and stand in line close to the edge of the sea. All women, not only the *tʃina'upi*, pour sea-water over the boys' legs; this removes the prohibition under which they have been since the *wapi* ceremony, forbidding them to go into the sea. The women all rejoice because the boys have come back. The mothers pretend not to know their sons; they say: 'Before, he was a little fellow; we think this is another boy.' The boys may now remain in the village. They cannot under any circumstances return to the *nōnō*, and must avoid that part of the bush in which it is situated until it has fallen to pieces. They sleep in the *tobar* (boys' house) belonging to their own clan, and are from this time forward subject to all the rules and restrictions attendant upon the wearing of the *upi*, which will be discussed in the following pages.

For a few days the *amro* also sleep in the *tobar*. They may not enter their own huts or have intercourse with their wives until the *kwigis* have taken bamboo-lengths full of water and poured it out in front of all the huts belonging to the *amro*. After that the *amro* resume their normal life. If an *amro* has intercourse with his wife during the prohibited period, the *urar* will cause illness to come upon the woman, and should a child be born of such intercourse, it will resemble the figures of *urar* that are made for the *wapi* ceremony, that is, it will be without legs, and will have two heads, one growing out of the top of the other; this refers to the head of the *urar* appearing above the head of the man on whose shoulders it is being carried, who looks out of a peep-hole in the body of the figure. It is said that this taboo is so strong that no *amro* would dare to break it.

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PLATE 30

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a. BOYS' DANCE

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b. BOYS OUTSIDE THEIR *TOBAR*

[facing p. 246]

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Each boy carries in his right hand a carved lime-pot,[1] hanging by a string. At this stage in the proceedings the pots must be empty of lime. They are filled by the *kwigin*, in the *tobar*, after the close of the ceremony. The right hand also holds a bunch of the aromatic leaves called *tsutsur*, which he has been forbidden to use since putting on the hat. In his left hand he holds two areca-nuts on a stalk, and in his mouth a catkin of the betel-pepper, which has also been denied him. These prohibitions are now at an end.

The *amro* walk round in wheel formation, as at an ordinary *kōma*, with their charges on their shoulders. All the men join in it, but the women do not dance, they keep up a ritual wailing, just as they do for a death. When the men have been round once, the procession goes back inside the palisade. By this time it is getting light. The *amro* have a short time for rest, then they take the boys on their shoulders again, and the *kōma* is repeated for another two rounds. Then the boys are carried to the front of the long house, and are offered water by their *amro*, which they must only pretend to drink, and taro, which they must only pretend to eat. After this, which again is said to be a safeguard against their being 'poisoned', they go into the long house and are given pig, taro, and ceremonial pudding to eat in reality. The visitors from other villages are provided with supplies of areca-nut and go back to their own homes.

Later in the morning, all the initiates, still wearing their new hats with the red patterns, make a round of the village and go inside the huts of the married people, which they have not been able to do since they first put on the *upi*. Then they come back to the long house, go inside the palisade, take off the decorated hats and put on plain ones. The decorated ones are kept in the permanent *tobar*, and are put on for special occasions. Boys who are famous may, if they wish, wear decorated hats all the time, but must keep them covered with an outer layer of leaves. The outer covers are made for them by their *amro*, who do not receive payment for this service. Fig. 9 is a boy's drawing of a *kōma* connected with the *watawutf*, at which the boys are wearing the decorated upi.

The long house, the palisade, the *rorur* trees, the wooden figures,

[1] For description of these lime-pots see p. 432 and Pl. 72. One of those figured (on left in second row) has actually been used in a *watawutf* ceremony, but as a rule those that have been so used are very highly prized by their owners who are unwilling to part with them. Another had similar human figures, but placed vertically instead of horizontally.

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The present chapter is chiefly concerned to record the state of affairs at the time when the investigation was made, in a village where, as far as the adolescent girls were concerned, the original conditions still prevailed. 882

Of the adolescent girls at Kurtatchi, by far the most interesting was Nawi, whose first menstruation ceremony I attended, and shall presently describe. She was very friendly, and often begged me to come with her to the taro garden she helped her mother to keep in order, or to the reef to look for shell-fish. She was betrothed to a boy at Ruri, who still wore the *upi*, and though he had been through the *watawutʃ* ceremony, she expected—and hoped—that it would be some time before his hair would be long enough for him to submit himself for the *wasipsip* ceremony at which the hair is cut and the hat finally removed. Until that had been done, Nawi had no need to think about her marriage. 159 882

Belonging to a family of *tsunaun*, she was a person of importance in the village—the original village of Kurtatchi, in which the *tsunaun* family were of the Naboin clan (their history has been given in Chap. II). Accordingly, certain customs had to be observed at various epochs in her life. The only one of these—other than the menstruation ritual—which occurred while I was at Kurtatchi, marked the stage at which she was permitted to go and collect from the bush the heavy spathes at the lower end of the leaf of the areca-palm. These, when dried, are used as receptacles for all kinds of purposes, and are mentioned continually in these pages by the native term *kōbū*. One day several of the women told me they were going out to collect a number of them in order to hold this ceremony for Nawi. They asked me to go with them. Nawi did not come. We went to a part of the bush about six miles off, where there were a number of wild areca-palms, and hunted in the underbush for fallen leaves from which to cut the spathes. One or two trees had been recently cut down, apparently on purpose. Part of the next day was spent in scraping clean the *kōbū* we brought back with us, and fixing sticks across them to keep them from curling up while drying. At dusk, the women all gathered in the centre of the village, where the *kōbū* were laid out. They held a *kōma*, taking up the wheel-like formation which in ordinary dances is the prerogative of the men. Nawi danced too, but took no outstanding part in the proceedings. Afterwards we all went to her mother's hut and ate ceremonial pudding. This took place six 159 882 565 824 [415] [535]

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159 881 one piece, and gave some to the two children, and some to Kiots. The village is now free to eat what it pleases, but Nawi must still eat sparingly. She may not yet come out of the hut.

All the proceedings were over quite early in the morning, and every one dispersed as usual; there was no lounging about the place as there was yesterday. In the evening there was a *kōma* of the usual kind, with slit-gong and *mabu* and *piu*. The women of Nawi's clan were not allowed to take part in it, but those of the other clan did so.

September 15. Nawi and the two little girls still confined to the hut. Village at work as usual. No special features, and no *kōma* at night.

[831] *September 16*. Nothing happened till shortly before dusk, when some of the women came to fetch me to go to Nawi's hut. All the women of the village gathered there, and engaged in romping and horse-play, the sexual nature of which was somewhat more veiled than in the account previously given, consisting chiefly of some women lying flat on the ground and others jumping on them. Then all present, including myself, drank, from a bamboo, a mixture out of a receptacle that had been set up on a stand inside the hut. (The ingredients of this I afterwards obtained from its maker, they will be discussed later.) No men were present at this part of the proceedings. All the women still wore their cordyline leaves. After every one had drunk, there was more romping, during which pieces of pig and taro were thrown about. This went on for some time. Then there was an interval during which every one sat around and talked.

159 881 ● 535 When it was quite dark the men began blowing the pipes, both *mabu* and *piu* (see pp. 411–12). The women, all wearing their hoods, collected in the central space of the village, and called to me to join them. We walked backwards and forwards towards and away from the men who were playing, then walked all round them, then along the back of the line of huts (*babots*), to Nawi's mother's hut. Nawi came out. A coco-nut shell filled with water was handed round. Some of the women drank, some held it to their mouths without swallowing any. Then we all stood in a group, close together, facing east, and yelled 'Ba-a-a-a-a-h'. The whole group turned round to face west, and yelled again. Then all, including Nawi, went back to the central space where the men were still playing, and danced with a peculiar step, a hop coming down on

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both feet, hissing the while, in a series of jerks. (This is different from the ordinary dance steps as performed by the women at other times, and I did not see it done on any other occasion.) Some women formed lines and danced together, some danced alone. Nawi danced also. This went on for a long time.

September 17. Nawi can now walk about the village, but she must not go to the taro garden nor do any work.

This state of things continued till

September 20. On this day Nawi went for the first time to fetch water, but she must not yet go to the taro garden.

On September 21 I was unfortunately obliged to leave the village for a few days. When I returned, Nawi was working as usual, but neither she nor any one else could tell me which day she first went to the taro garden. It was definitely more than ten days from the time of the first appearance of the flux.

As I went on my way I met a man from Baniu, who said he had come to fetch Nawi and take her to Tendru, a village farther along the coast, where there was to be a cicatrization ceremony, at which she would be 'cut', together with three other girls. I was invited to attend, but when I went to the village on the appointed day I found that Nawi had run away into the bush and refused to go, and her parents said they would not insist on her undergoing the operation. One of the other girls, from another village, had also run away, and a third was ill. Since only one candidate remained, the ceremony did not take place.

DETAILS OF MIXTURE USED IN NAWI'S FIRST MENSTRUATION CEREMONY

The following description of the preparation of roots and leaves used for the drink which was shared on the third day of the proceedings was given me subsequently, by the men who made it. These were three of the younger men of the village, Wasɛ̃, Tchub, and Bwapip; they did it because Tchub knew the method of making it, having been taught by his mother and father (his father has been dead for some time, his mother is alive and resides in the village, but she did not superintend the preparation of the mixture). None of the men is related to Nawi, but all belong to the same clan. I think, however, that this is not essential.

A stand must be made from the branches of a tree called *owitʃ*. This is done by setting up four straight branches about 3 feet in

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The group of men and boys formed itself into the usual wheel formation and continued to play on the pipes. The little procession of women walked round them twice. After this it broke up; the two girls went back to the hut and took off their hoods, sticking the hornbill feathers into their hair. Then all the women joined in the dance in the usual way, in twos and threes, backwards and forwards with a kind of balancing movement, varied by a hop 'on the spot'. This went on for some time, but not all night.

The next day the two girls appeared still dressed in their cane girdles, which were now, however, worn on the top of loin-cloths. Their hair was still covered with black paint, but they had washed off the white outlines from forehead and temple. I made a tentative suggestion that I should like to photograph them as they had appeared at the ceremony the night before, but this was met with a polite but firm refusal from the older people. 'That is finished.' After the usual delays, we started on our journey back to Kurtatchi, taking Muben with us. All the Kurtatchi women were heavily loaded with taro and packets of ceremonial pudding. Quite a crowd of the Baniu people accompanied us round the beach to the foot of the cliff, where we sat on the sand for a little while before starting up it. As we went up the cliff path Muben's mother and mother's sister set up a wail. It was quite clearly a piece of ritual, but it seemed to me that there was real grief there as well, and Muben certainly had tears in her eyes when I walked beside her at the top of the cliff. She was obviously making a great effort to control them sufficiently to answer the teasing remarks which one of the men would persist in addressing to her.

CHANGE OF NAME AFTER MENSTRUATION CEREMONY

It is customary that after she has experienced her first menstruation, a girl should be given another name; the former one is then supposed to be taboo. Muben was given the name of Buin, but I never heard her called by it, every one continuing to use the name by which she had been known before. The custom seems not to be considered of great importance, and I never heard of any other name being given to Nawi, the old one being used as before.

VARIATIONS

As in the boys' ceremony, the time involved seems to have been curtailed considerably of late. In the account given by the women,

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in front of the men's house. One was put much farther away than the others: this was intended as a present to the next village, Pokar, and would be reciprocated on the next occasion at which pigs were killed in that village. 342 574

Three of the pigs were then killed and partially cooked, in the usual way (see p. 283). The joints were piled up on the back verandah of Gonu's own house, not the new men's house. In the afternoon some men from Pokar came and fetched the pig reserved for them away—alive—in a canoe.

A crowd of guests from other Buka villages then arrived, including a number of women with their babies. All were decorated with red paint on their hair and some with dabs on their faces. [302] As soon as it was quite dark there was a *kōma* with slit-gong, *mabu*, and Pan-pipes, with much more excitement than there had been the day before, and more people dancing, including the visitors, both men and women. Most of the women wore bands of plaited fibre round their waists, from which were suspended tails of grass or pith, which they manipulated with their hands while dancing. The men had red paint and white cockatoo feathers in their hair, and bits of phosphorescent fungus on their cheeks and on the ends of the *mabu*. There were three of these instruments. I was told they had been borrowed from the neighbouring island of Matsungan, as the village of Tung did not possess any. 342 535 574 [302] [426]

The *kōma* went on till after daybreak, in spite of a heavy downpour of rain which made their finery look very bedraggled, but did not seem to abate their eagerness to dance. When it was over, the players of the Pan-pipes threw them on the ground and stamped on them, breaking them all to pieces.

Baskets of taro had been distributed in the intervals of the dance, but the pigs were not eaten till the following day. The joints had been distributed among the various houses to be cooked; these were all brought out and laid on the platform which ran the whole length of the men's house, together with a large quantity of taro, all in baskets made of plaited coco-nut leaves. The display was of great importance, and my attention was called to the quantity produced, which I was clearly expected to admire. All the members of Gonu's clan, Manu, sat inside the house, on the floor and on the platform, where I was also given a seat. Separate baskets of pigment and taro were put in front of each little group, who ate the contents at their leisure. Baskets were sent to members of the 342 574 [556]

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534 713 539 The man played the *koykoyo*. The woman said: 'What is this thing that cries just like a frog, *koyo koyo*? It is not making a nice noise, it sounds just like a frog in the bush.' Then the woman took a piece of cane and scraped it, and took a piece of string, and made a hole; she put the piece of string through the hole and pulled at it so (here the teller illustrated by pulling the string of the instrument with his thumb, holding it in his clenched hand). It sounded very well. The man, who stayed in the men's house, heard it, and said: 'Ah, who is it who has made a thing that sounds so nice?' A man said: 'Oh, a woman made it.' He came and looked, he wanted the woman to show it to him, but the woman hid the *pokpoko* in a heap of firewood, she did not want the man to see it. He said: 'Woman, where is this thing that sounds so nice?' The woman pretended: 'I do not know, I heard the sound, I thought it was you who were making it in the men's house.' The man said: 'No, I heard it in your house.' The woman said: 'No.' Now the man did not come close to the woman yet, he was ashamed before her, he went back to the men's house and lay down on the bed. (This incident is repeated.)

The man played the *koykoyo* all the time. Then the woman said: 'Who wants a *koykoyo* that makes a noise like a frog?' She brought out her *pokpoko* again and played it; sometimes it sounded like a person crying, sometimes it sounded almost like a bull-roarer when it is whirled. The man ran again, and came and hid on the other side. He said: 'I had better seize this woman when she makes that thing sound, it makes me feel so sorry I want to cry.' Then he came very softly, he ran and seized the woman. She jumped up, the two struggled. The woman said: 'Man, why do you hold me like this?' He said: 'Why did you make this thing? My heart trembles, it turns towards you.' Then he took away the woman's *pokpoko*. He said: 'It doesn't belong to you any more, it belongs to me now. My *koykoyo* can belong to you now.' Then the woman cried bitterly. Then the two were married.

DANCE

535 There is only one form of dance (*kōma*), which is used for all occasions, both ceremonial and merely social. The men and boys walk slowly round in a sort of wheel-like formation, with the *malu* players—one or two, as the case may be, if these are being used—forming the hub of the wheel. If the slit-gong is being used, the *malu* is absent. In the former case, the men and boys are furnished with Pan-pipes, in the latter they may or may not accompany the slit-gong with these instruments. The women and girls dance backwards and forwards outside the wheel, coming close up to the men and then backing away again, in sets of two, three, or more—

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I have counted as many as nine in a row, each with an arm round the waist of the woman on either side of her. They may also dance singly, and some women took great pride in so doing. One very tall woman frequently danced singly, with her baby in her arms. There are three movements, varied at the pleasure of the dancer: *ŋaŋat* (*ʧok-ʧok* P.) advancing and retreating to and from the circle of men, with a balancing step first on one foot and then on the other; *tuir* (*gumu* P.) standing on one spot and rocking up and down with bent knees in a sort of 'jigging' movement, and *turap* (*pi* P.) which is a series of hops on the left foot only, with the right foot raised, its toe pointing to the ground. The general word for the women's dance is *sani* (*sõ'ol* P.).

The instruments are played for a period of a couple of minutes or so, the music then ceasing abruptly, with a very loud single note on the slit-gong, if it is being used. When it stops the women cease dancing, but the men and boys continue their round, while everybody sings variations on five notes, first up, then down, ending on a high last note which is drawn out as long as the breath holds, those who keep on longest being greeted with applause from the others, the whole usually ending in a burst of laughter. The women join in this vocal performance, which is called *waki* (*haki* P.). After another couple of minutes or so the slit-gong beats again, and the women continue their steps. The whole dance consists of nothing else but endless repetitions of these two alternatives, sometimes continued throughout the night till after dawn has broken. People join in it for a time, then go away and rest, or eat, and return when the spirit moves them, it does not matter, so long as some one is there to keep the thing going incessantly.

Although a *kõma* may be held for no particular reason except that the people want one, there are certain times at which it is proper to hold them, and is considered a ceremonial duty to join in them. During the weeks of preparation for the *wątawut* ceremony the boys wearing the *upi* were expected to dance frequently, and were urged on by the elders when they showed signs of flagging interest (see Pl. 30a). The men danced also, but the women took no part in these particular affairs. The women have also certain occasions on which they dance by themselves, though they have a man to beat the slit-gong for them. One such occasion is a ceremony performed for a child on the occasion of his first being taken to the taro garden sitting on his

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535 852 mother's pack (see Pl. 17). At such times they take up the men's wheel formation.

535 184 At Tabut I once saw a variation of the women's steps, taking the form of imitative movements which might be called 'figures'. One represented getting water; some women danced in a ring and one in the centre imitated the action of pouring water into a coco-nut. Another 'figure' imitated the planting of taro. I saw nothing of the kind at Kurtatchi or any other village I visited, and the Kurtatchi women said they did not know how to dance in any other way than the usual.

USE OF COLOUR

386 302 Colouring matter is freely employed, both on the person and on the various objects manufactured. The colours in general use are red, black, white, and yellow, in that order of importance. There are several ways of obtaining each of these. Colouring matter used for personal adornment is mixed with coco-nut oil before being applied to skin or hair. The generic term for such a mixture is *us*, which I have translated 'paint'.

386 317 438 *Red.* Several kinds of red paint are distinguished by special names. They are all varieties of red oxide of iron (haematite),[1] formed in the neighbourhood of volcanoes by decomposing the vapours of ferric chloride with steam. The kind giving the brightest colour, and therefore the most highly prized, is called *oin*. It is obtained from the people living in the mountainous hinterland of Bougainville, who have access to the volcanoes in the interior. The natives of the east coast near Numanuma act as intermediaries to pass it on to the people of the north coast as an object of barter. *Owan*, a rather muddier red, consists of impure iron oxide with some iron sulphide, which might be obtained from an ironstone nodule embedded in a clay deposit. It can be found on Buka, but the exact locality is unknown to me. A third variety, intermediate in colour between the other two, but nearer to *oin*, is called *itfu*, and is used when *oin* is not available. [439] At the present time the natives also paint their faces with carmine, which they get from the Chinese stores.

386 [824] Leaves and canes are dyed red with a preparation of *riro* (*Morinda citrifolia*). Details of its use are given in the sections

[1] For the identification of my samples I am indebted to Mr. C. J. Bayzand, University Demonstrator in Geology, Oxford.

1: Blackwood E-5 (1929-1930) 1935
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it in, and threw the stretcher in after him. Sometimes the stretcher was brought back and kept till it rotted. When the white men came and the natives saw that they buried their dead, they began to do so too. Matarē (a man aged probably somewhere round thirty) said the dead were still thrown into the sea when he was fully grown. If a man died without relatives they just put a rope round him, but otherwise his relatives made the stretcher and carried him carefully.

As soon as a person dies a fire is made inside the house in which he died, lime is sprinkled all round it, and the people present 'pretend to fight' the lime (i.e. flip their fingers at it, as shown by gestures). They all put lime on their ears. This is done for commoners as well as for *tsunaun*.

The body of a *tsunaun* is put up under the roof of the house; a rough platform consisting of two planks is made, and the body laid on it. All the people wail. No one is allowed to touch it or to look at it. It remains there five or six days and nights.[1] Pig and taro are provided for the people from other villages who come to wail (the ritual wailing, *wa'ār*). They do not all wail all the time, some keep it up while others go off and eat. The near relatives do not touch this food. The pigs provided belong to the dead man and to his relatives. Other people may help provide pigs if they wish, even if they are not immediately concerned. (Matarē said he helped his wife's father, Pinari, when Pinari's brother died, though he was under no obligation to do so.)

The women and girls go to the bush at dead of night (a most unusual proceeding) and fetch coco-nuts and areca-nut and betel-pepper. They take with them axes and knives, but they must not take fire or torches (again a direct departure from ordinary procedure). The men stay in the village. The women come back while it is still dark and put the things they have brought on the verandahs of the dead man's house, some at the front and some at the back.

The women do a special dance which is not used on any other occasion. (This was demonstrated, it was a sort of hop with both feet together, and both hands behind the back.) The conch-shells

[1] No specific means taken to preserve the body were mentioned, but up on its platform it would be exposed to the smoke of any fire burning in the hut. It was not stated whether the fire previously mentioned was kept burning all the time or not.

1: Blackwood E-5 (1929-1930) 1935
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764 are sounded and the slit-gong beaten to give the time to the dancers
●535 The rhythm goes like this:
[533]

////../../../..////../../../..

The dance is kept up till dawn breaks.[1]

764 During the time when the body is up on the platform, a *kun* (kind
[415 of tray made of *tolas*, a very hard wood, used for cracking almonds
824] upon) is set up in the village, and people shoot at it with bows and arrows, and throw spears, which break on it because the wood is so hard.

Coco-nuts, drinking and dry, and taro and sugar-cane from the gardens belonging to the dead man and his relatives, and other people, too, if they wish, are heaped up at the front verandah of his house. Taro with the stalks still attached is hung up in front of the house, under the eaves. A tall tree is set up in the middle of the heap of coco-nuts, and strings of ceremonial currency (*imun* and *beroan*) belonging to the dead man and his relatives are hung up on it. Some strings are also fastened on his wrists and ankles. These latter can be taken by any one who wishes, if he puts other strings in their places. Those substituted need not be so valuable as those removed. The strings on the tree are afterwards brought back into the house and remain there.

As long as the body remains in the house the widow can eat only one taro a day. She may not chew the ordinary betel-mixture, but can chew two kinds of wild areca-nut, *kiy* and *kawiwi*. All those who touched the man after he was dead may not eat anything,[2] but they may chew the betel-mixture. If this prohibition is not kept the body will stink quickly.

When the time comes for burial the body is carried out by the male relatives. They walk round the heaps of coco-nuts and taro, then they bury him in the graveyard. Axes, knives, spears, and paint are put into the grave with him. In the olden days these were

[177]

[1] This dance was performed on the last occasion of the death of a person of *tsunaun* lineage, but as the dead are now buried by the mission teacher, Matarō said it would never be performed again. Both he and his audience were very dramatic in their description of the dance, and seemed to regret it more than any other part of the funerary ritual.

[2] Questioning made it clear that this prohibition was intended to apply to the whole of the time (five or six days) that the body remained in the house, but it would not be literally adhered to; a little taro would be eaten unofficially ('stolen' is the exact translation of the word used) just as in the case of the girl secluded during her first menstruation (see p. 253).

it is played in harmony. [Translator's note: one line of music omitted.] This melody, constructed on four tones, is played in a not-too-rapid tempo and repeated several times; the last measure is sustained for a long time and the last chord is gradually decrescendoed. Six-tone songs have a melody that is somewhat more complicated but of the very same nature. They do not always dance to this melody; but when they do the men group themselves in such a way [16] that they form rows which emanate radiuslike from the musicians in the center. When the music begins, the dancers begin to revolve around the center; the ones who are closest to the center walk at a measured pace; but the farther the dancer is situated from the middle, the longer he must make his steps in order to stay in line; the ones who are situated farthest from the center must make long leaps in order to keep up at all; for this reason only youths and older boys dance in the extreme outside row. The dancers hold their bows and arrows in their hands, rattle them, and add variety to the music by a shrill whistle every now and then. The song that is sung on this occasion, however, scarcely deserves the name. It consists of a constant repetition of the sound 'o' in the bass clef and the sound 'a' in the treble; these two sounds follow the melody and the phrase of the Panpipe band precisely; this is the only song with musical accompaniment. The previously described dance is performed only by men and boys; women never participate.

Melodies that make use of our whole scale cannot be reproduced because of the limited range of the Panpipe; they are sung therefore, without any actual musical accompaniment, but always accompanied by a monotonous tone that is produced in one way or another. The following melody is one example: [Translator's note: one line of music and text omitted.] The second verse has almost the same wording as the first but with the difference that the word malawolo (a sea fish as is siliholo) replaces the word siliholo. This song is sung in unison when the approximately 10 year old boys are publicly introduced by the dance ha hesinnia in Buka. The singers and dancers form a wide circle, and each holds in his hands a bamboo cane approximately 120 centimeters long and as thick as the human arm. At every step they beat the ground with it producing

a dull sound. The song is sung softly by all the singers, the tempo is slow like a slow march, and the step is accordingly slow with slightly bent knees. Men as well as women take part in this performance. 533 535 852

In Buka and north Bougainville I have seen other dances with very elegant steps performed--both by one sex alone as well as by both together. The dancers stand in rows, sometimes in couples next to each other and sometimes in rows opposite each other; the movements consisted of delicate steps (especially the female dancers gave an astonishing performance) as well as knee bends, twistings and undulations of the hips, and slow movements of the arms. These dances could very well be executed in a European ballroom, only I fear that few people would subject themselves to the effort of practicing them. Dances of this sort can only be executed by people who, like the Solomon Islanders, practice and study almost daily, from youth on, the complicated steps with the most varied bodily movements. Flower and foliage garlands around various parts of the body, flower bouquets in the hands and painting of the body red and white go along with these dances. The song that accompanies these dances is always soft and subdued; unfortunately I was not able to get hold of and write down the melody. 535 [302]

On the Shortland Islands I wrote down a few melodies but unfortunately not the words. They are the following: [Translator's note: two lines of music omitted.] Both melodies were sung in harmony. At the same time the singers walked around in a circle at a rather rapid march tempo; even half-grown children took part in it, and the [17] high children's voices in conjunction with the deeper accompanying voices of the adults produced a very harmonious song which sounded nice even to a European ear. 533 171

When the men go to sea in their large boats, they generally begin singing the previously-mentioned song consisting of 'o' and 'a'; for this same simple text there are still other melodies, which are sung on this occasion. The shovel-shaped oars are dipped into the water in rhythm with the song, sometimes faster and sometimes slower according to the tempo. 533

535 The Buka dance or *guma* is an uninteresting spectacle. Unlike other Melanesian dances there is very little action and the [535] accompanying singing is but a constant repetition of "O-a-o-a" in as many keys as the human voice is capable of rendering. The men walk slowly around in a circle while the women, standing some ten yards away, advance to the edge of the circle from time to time and in pairs bend their bodies backwards and forwards, or in threes and fours skip sideways to and fro. From a distance the singing is often harmonious, but when heard at close quarters it is both ear-splitting and appalling to a musical listener.

[534] The singing is accompanied by the beating of the hollowed-out 202 wooden drums (*tui*) with series of short staccato raps from the soft-nosed beaters. These *tui* can be heard for many miles when weather conditions are favourable and are used extensively for signalling. Some of the Buka districts have elaborate *tui* codes, and are able to send detailed messages from village to village. Among the more [763] simplified signals is that denoting a death and is made by ten long beats, pause, three short, pause, three short, pause, five short, pause, five short, pause, and ten long. When a man is annoyed over something (his wife has failed to cook the taro, or a pig has died) and he wishes to "tell the world" he raps out ten long beats, a pause, then another ten long beats. The arrival of a stranger in a village is denoted by three long beats, pause, followed by three series of seven short beats interspersed with pauses. The general call to assemble in a village is three series of three shorts and one long beat.

302 The men usually wear their hair long and combed upright. [346] The hair of a woman is close-cropped, except when she has given birth to a child and then it is allowed to grow long until the child is able to crawl about. The women wear a hood made from pandanus 291 leaves sewn horizontally together, with every other leaf dyed red 386 with the root of a bush. This custom is to prevent certain of their male relatives from seeing their hair, which is taboo. A loin cloth 291 of red or coloured print serves as the general garment for both sexes. 177 A few years ago the women wore a small grass *tahu*, and in former days the men wore no covering.

4: Thomas U-5 (no date) 1931 ON6 Buka ON6
Pororan

534 Even to this day the process is similar except that steel chisels and [177] adzes have been brought into play by the experts.

[184] The size of the *tui* varies. On Pororan Island (situated five miles west of the Buka mainland) there are three standard sizes: the *tui*, the *halan* and the *king*. The former measures about eight feet long and four feet high; the *halan*, five feet by two feet, and the *king* three feet by one foot.

The fact that the word *tui* is used for the large drum and *king* for the smaller size prompted me to make searching enquiry as to their etymological origin to see if I might connect them with the Fijian *tui* (king) but, so far as I can gather, the words originated simply from their close resemblance to the sound which both these instruments make.

202 For signalling the *tui* is used exclusively, and one is to be found in every *tsuhan*, or master's house, in the village. The beating is done by hitting the drum sharply, near the top in the centre with [824] the soft-nosed *tsinoi*, or beater, which consists of a number of thick strips of the lawyer vine about six feet in length, bound closely together at the striking end, allowing the other end of the strips to remain loose. These, by a certain twist of the wrist, create a rustling accompaniment to the beats when excitement runs high during a dance. No special men in a village are invested with the privilege of beating a *tui*, though uninitiated boys are not supposed to do so. Women, on the occasion of their own dances, are allowed to beat one.

● 535 533 During dances (*guma*) the *tui* and *king* are used. The *king* commences and continues with a uniform series of short beats, which attain a higher and more penetrating note than the deep-toned *tui*, even as the word *king* when pronounced sharply. The *tui* beats are varied according to the humour and the ability of the man employed as beater. Usually the beats are:

— — — . . . . . — — — — . . . . . —[1]

Beats continue for a period of from one to two minutes and then *tui* and *king* cease simultaneously, the signal being two or three louder beats made on the *tui*. If the cessation of beats is not simul-

[1] A long beat is represented by a dash; a short one by a dot.

4: Thomas U-5 (no date) 1931 ON6 Buka ON6
Pororan

taneous the dancers and singers show their disapproval by a series of cat-calls and disparaging remarks on the ability of the beaters.

Throughout the main island of Buka and the adjacent islands there is one signal which is commonly known. That is the one announcing the arrival of a stranger or strangers of importance to the village. This signal is called *asosoat*, and is the only signal which is generally adopted. Each district has a code of its own, and these codes seem to be governed according to the distribution of dialectical change.[2]

The Pororan signalling code is limited in comparison with that of the Solos district, where the inhabitants are solely bush natives and have an extensive and detailed code. The chief Pororan signals, made up of *sinak* (long beats) and *hatut* (short beats), consist of:

1. General muster (*ngong-ngok*): ... — ... —, ... —
2. Call for the chief (*ngong-ngok*): — — — ... —. — — — — ... —. — —
3. The arrival of a stranger of importance (*asosoat*): — — — ....
4. A death (*tan ni matano*): — — — — — — — — — — — — ... ... — — — — — — — — — — — —
5. Purchasing a wife when the bride-price, or *tsinahan*, has been paid (*tsinahan*): — — — — — — — — ... .. — ..... — — ....— — — — — ..... — — — — — — — — — — — —